enough money to get out, (2) that I've found the most ideal place in the world to live and work in. A wide verandah over a blue lagoon, a wooden pier with deep clear water for diving, and coloured fish that swim between your toes. There also swim between your toes, more or less, scores of laughing brown babies from two years to fourteen. Canoes and boats, rivers, fishing with spear, net and line, the most wonderful food in the world —strange fishes and vegetables perfectly cooked. Europe slides from me terrifyingly. . . ." That was from Mataiea, to which we shall return. But by March he was back in Papeete at the Tiare Hotel with coral-poisoned legs, whence he wrote, a little enigmatically: " The Game is Up. If I've gained facts through knocking about with Conrad characters in a Gauguin *entourage,* Fve lost a . dream or two." In April he climbed on board the Union Steamship Company's line for San Fran-

* cisco, reflecting, as he left Mataiea, Papeete and bis friends, that "there was surely nothing else like them in this world, and very probably nothing in the next/' weeping a little, and " very sensibly " going to bed. .

. .

All that is only ten years ago, and yet in ten